

Part I – Earliest work (early experiments)

**in this past we stay,
where nothing goes away
in our past we stay
dancing with the wounds we made**

**when youth goes away
love me or don't bother
because time will sell you
as it did the others.**

**and I will, I want
because now I'm the only one
for you I'll be the one
and save your heart from**

these days when all goes wrong

**So late an hour, my body's hungered
still I turn to you
for you're my child-born mother
and lover too**

**you're an ornament to my sickness
a saviour without light
still you will not save me
forever for tonight**

**rap me up in wonder
make me believe once again
feel my fear and hope
cause when you're gone I believe nothing**

**silent now, silent day
the cries will stop, don't be afraid
silent laughter howls defeat
in you I'll die, so you'd be free**

**(and) the eye-burned lilies blindly regret
for you're worse and you're the best
and the thorned roses which my arms have bled
this barenaked truth shall flower in your chest.**

**a shock when you forgot,
when the feeling once aroused by trees or flowers,
now are rot.
and fools only sent the explosion;**

**when burst means hurt and you are hurt and feel
the ride, it takes you as it takes me as I take you
tonight
under silhouette and curtain, straws and booze,
stars and youth, fill my empty mind, once lost is
now to lose, for more and worse, we'll be
separated, hearts in hurt, we'll know when, just a
fuck to resemble, a scent that came back for me,
thrust by feeling, I didn't know, still don't.**

**and though I want nothing wants me, though I
want nothing I receive nothing, back is behind,
find in behind, return is death, life is dying, i am
dying, nothing lasts in your hands.**

**The stake will name
the woods in pain
yourself ename
the youth you drain**

**hate the same
same as yonder
for all the wonders
that aren't yours**

**your emptiness surprises
and you hurt me in every way
you hurt the feel of passion
you hurt the power in his name**

**I hope you freeze or come to see
as long as you die and leave me
to rest in love and sympathy
we're not the same, we'll never be**

The door

once she waits till time has come, by flowing
through my hair
all the souls they look at her, the cold is what she
wears

the empty souls, the homeless draft
of paper hair and evil swears
deranged cloth of love and war
obsessed by green eternity
salvation lies in love she says

but has she ever known?

what other life contains in it's
it's restless homeless draft

and the wind she lays her back on us
in hope to be healed
of endless movement, endless pain
she hopes the end is near;

and as she comes she opens all
and hopes for us to close;
the doors of insane labour
the door to ending war

Part II - the dirges of desolate eden

intro

**if this is my story
you read and find
if about you don't worry
if you're hurt don't be unkind**

**I can only tell the reasons
I've sought but not found
love whispered through seasons
a love time has bound**

**and there is no end, I'll tell you
there is no place to wait for
there is just me and you
(and if we have love) we don't need anything more**

the child

**where comes from this weakened worried laughter
this little blond disaster
were you born with me
and have you ever been free?**

**but there is no question I wish to ask you
when you grow it won't be you
that hurts this worn out body
that dying laughter, it isn't you.**

**store my stories in your heart
tell of lore before you part
learn of sides seldom heard
learn the world, see it burn.**

stolen

**under these curtains
lies empty but unbroken
the stolen heart oh so certain
that new love has awoken**

**and the cries of the spring have flown
and the dirt in the wind has blown
and only you shall see the stolen heart been shown**

**for many of for none
still the past is gone
and so are you; still roaming**

**wade in tears
that have broken
just for what you have stolen
maybe now, forever it is broken**

doubt

**everything's to doubt for you'd
everything's too gray**

everything we thought back then

they will say one day

These children

**here we are, we are the children that can't be
happy**

**founded by hunger, we succeed in nothing
gifted by emptiness, sworn by fear
our bodies hurt to the wave of time**

feed *

**I take to be, rather than sleep
feel it in me, riding the fears
I'm on down, feeling high
feel it in me, catching some sleep**

**How does it feed, selling some speed
she's in my dream, needles and fear
you're my only friend but you despise me
my friends are idiots, fucking me numb**

**I'm alone, burning my home
I'm dumb and unwanted
there's no anger in me, falling asleep
I wish I was here, having you near**

**welcome the queer, having her near
to know you're right and don't want to fight
find it in you to burn down your school
dream of lost, the king of frost**

***(these are the lyrics of a song too)**

never

**now my friends, it's time to gather
and though I will never see you again
remember me forever, it is all that matters
so when you're old and dying, you will wear my
face again**

**try and we will only lose
but in youth we live forever
for you I'll be the saviour
and soothe the feel of never**

chamber music

**Do you want me,
as soft as I'll get
or should I just be a mirror
my mission to forget**

**try and flower in the shade of sorrow
in the shallow ground of tomorrow
and in the sun where nothing goes away
(I will say,) if not forever, do not stay**

**and your beauty, so safe
almost worth a soul
but when you go
you will never have it all**

**can't you just hold me
I know I can heal myself, I did before
your questions just make me sadder
I just need the last seed to grow**

invariant

**the time and interval, given from my ashtray
the shocks and frequencies of a dead boy
the boy that filled your arms
the one who couldn't die**

**For his youth you would pray
and in the night you'd stay
but now he's old and all burned up
forgotten, time's up**

the light of tomorrow

**Is there a light, oh is there a love
that we have taken from our births
and embraced the dirt
from which we're created**

**in air and space
they turn to colour
given a face
now turning hollow**

**and all turns sober
they all come home
now they don't follow
but the light of tomorrow**

Perfect

- if I don't know what path my interests

+are following

- I accept it to be the one of surprise and denial

||

**For they have come so many times to show me
there is no way to be perfect, not for me**

X maybe that's a perfect lie

**in there we must go follow and the lead
to the leaders that have followed a dead lead**

||

**if you know what you have taken, take this word
and break it, break the lead and know for sure
sure you know it all, but still not enough,
not enough space to fall .**

Undisclosed

**the bows and shaped welcomes of you body
welcome my form to rest in you
and the lunate lyrics of lust
whisper silent, whisper mistrust**

**and your jeweled body
hexed by modern lies
knows more grace than beauty
the nymph you are, so seldom a child**

**note the truth beside the lies
find my words between the lines
parade gently, ponder why
paly disclosed in your eyes**

**and no one shall love you
no man will do
to praise your unmissed comfort
your love, your body; your sins**

**still you won me
but I'm none of these
none of these begins**

fortunately

**and fortunately this is a story,
so don't worry, not all is true
and if you have a story
maybe this is for you**

**my child, my life
my unfortunate soldier
my spouse, my wife
so unhappy, I told ya**

**these fields will last, stay out of the past
the blue swamps of the worn out drug
the scrap-yard your dead heart
live now, live no more**

the song

**this is a song, this is a way
waif the night, climb the stairs
in her warm heart, still afraid
she will love you, if you wait**

**and the sky is spun by dreams and guns
of them who wanted ceiling
in vast oceans they sleep;
so silent, so loving, so miraculously undeeep**

**tear them down, start again, don't grow out of
feeling**

**gently waving, sweep the street
feel the sun, feel it weep
burns the sky in stranger deeds
yes indeed, she's flowing and she is all we need**

bye

**is it right to leave, if said so
do you feel it coming or do you know so
is it strong to be weak
and what do you do, that are your deeds**

**and people say,
if you hate
you only hat yourself**

**but when I love
I love too much
(but) I do not love myself**

**so strange so weak
estranged from all that's weird
estranged from truth, lies you seek
wander lonely, feel your deeds**

**I promised you'd return
stink and burn
but no, no “I told you” 's
no purely sane redemption**

**I'll just set you free
free from hate
free from nostalgic fate
and free, free from me**

maybe later, we'll seeing

years have gone (for janis)

**when is it that you are
made by me, not made at all
years have passed, there's still a war
you and ma we bare the scars**

**the scars of old, old she is
and she was
made by me or not made at all**

**when is it you have come
in this world you never belonged
sleep soft, sleep strong
there's still a war and years have gone**

a title

**I know your face, you look “I'm wrong”
it speaks enough, then sing along
I will shape you, you will carve
your star burned body, my sky crashed heart**

**fields that burn, dark blue horizon
seldom heard, when sky is falling
radial segments of colored warnings
feel the stars, feel them hall around you**

in all absent days, you have been there
by all secret modesty, you have slept there
and through childhood you have found
the secrets abide with you, they're still there

the beginning

**this is the beginning of the end
do not hope, don't wish despair
we will win, lose and care
we will always be, until the end**

**don't bargain, don't sell cheap
not for love, she's not for sale
it is true and it is fair
young we are in our despair**

**I bring new for old
you sell me stories
for love or gold
they just make me worried**

**I've felt before, too much I felt
so why not now, why not again
because it is so that tomorrow's old
and your desired desires have been sold**

from the inside

**I've tried, oh I've tried
my soul's sour from coughing
my hands sore from putting it down
and picking it up again
so solemnly disguised in green valleys
morning dew vapours
the cult of life
the dawn of night
and sadness drips like rain in our mouths
tastes like American chewing gum
gives us many joys to pay for**

**and then hits rock bottom
when the feeling flees the body and leaves the
mind torn up from the inside
there is nothing to wait for anymore**

So long

**take another u-turn baby
go tell it to the mountain
of how soft our love was
and that she sickened you**

**pull that evil chain once more doll
go tell it to the walls around you
tell them you suspected me
of not being honest to cover your dishonesty**

**and grow old alone and bitter honey
go tell it to your mother
that I wasn't awake for you
when you were sleeping**

si longtemps passé

**Bonjour tristesse, je vient pour te faire faim
pout t'aider perdre tout et
se reveiller comme être né une autre fois
je vient aujourd'hui, je vient pout toi**

**ma jolie femme, je parle pas le français, je parle la
confusion et la musique et la langue des amours
perdues**

comme toi, si longtemps passé

dear natasha

**Dear natasha, married an old man
got knocked up so fast
now she's growing two children
while she's still one**

**Dear natasha, shiny shimmer girl
your laughter joyed my heart so easy
where's your shiny laughter gone now
are you afraid to show me
(or) is he just breathing his fear down your neck**

don't speak until you know what to say
hold your breath till the pain goes away
it's only real if it stays
that's what they say anyway

but to wash hope, i thought, would not
be undying, and helpless
into another drive, another road for you
where the sun shines silver, and dust is breatheand
life is death
and death springs life once more
until all is done and all i said

but then again
to escape illusion, rephrase, put things differently
create confusion to induce brightness
speak truth in unending riddles
make a path of dreams and stories
that can only lead inward
Does it matter?

Zomerdood

**we zullen nooit weten wat kon geweest zijn
het was nog voor de zomer
zomerdood met al d'r warmste armen
en kille verlangens naar thuis**

**gehuisd in verlangens, verhuist als hoop
sluimert ze door m'n gedachten
als een kind in een kooi
als kind was ik prooi**

**en hoe noemen de dagen zich verleden
terwijl het licht schateren blijft
zon en maan vergeten me
want ik ben wiegedood**

**in een bleke wereld
verveeld met doorzichtige hopeloosheid
raap dan mijn taal
en droom van een verleden dat we nooit hadden**

**en al mijn verwaaide verlangens en bedeesde staar
voel ze wakker worden wanneer je je ogen opent
en ik vraag me af waar je naar kijkt
in dit gezonken wrak van ongegrepen
sentimentaliteit**

**draai, draai, dans met mijn slaap
en leeg de leegte, voor zoveel onderschatting
en je weet waar ik waak als je wakker wordt**

**omdat er nooit een aanraking was
en nooit een geschilderde klaarte
en ik zal vallen wanneer je schip opdoemt**

**where beauty sleeps
the dreamers weep
the stars they bathe
in silent tears, in silent waves**

**and the emerald glaze will reach the sky
of fortune's daze and diamond eyes
the midnight sails that reach the sky
of those that fail, of those that die - tried -**

**the poet's word, it hurts the world
of blinded fools that haven't heard
of the seven seas that prophecy
the dreamers dream it never dies**

when in words
no word speaks louder than loss
and no thought counts softer than love
simply no thought gets lost and no love stays soft

in many years I have learned
that nothing is real, it is
evolution hides decay
when all is born and nothing dies

take me back please, i beg
will not sleep, will not rest
harmlessly alone i beg
let me speak and hide within your chest

when the sky comes down
to take you out
think me, I once was down
then get old without a doubt

I took no rhythm, no simple beat
but it's the way, this insane way
feel the heart bleed
see the sky, feel it weep

Part III – Mid - early work

uncertainty

broken idleness
given flair, sprayed upon this crosshaired snare
the illiterate readings concept a dare
the wonders hide beneath despair

i crave you before the flood
i crave you inside this mood
in the shallow small lettering mine was youth
your broken stare cut me loose
your beloved haze has caught the mood
and all across this winterland
rebellion sets it's foot

for your amazingly beseen governing skills
and your overmothering warm brass thrills
i climb across your sensual hills
to find an even till
was not it had been beyond your will
i'd crawled lower, performed a hand drill

covering not the torment of ease
letting loose, taken by disease
manyer come and manyer go
knowing nothing, leaving low
upon a gala night and a silken sword
that rid all of consensuality

that came to and unlikely destiny
in fact coming nowhere at all
but this was not my destiny
what i describe was let unto a world
a surrealistic mantlepiece,
the herd came to that point

that point of no decision, leafless precision
nonetheless nobleness was often idleness
and creeping sounds went numb

the proletarian stronghold of gratifying incestry
the actual base of our economy
led to an infancy, coming for commerciality
going to a dementing decree
in fact i do not agree

the world has traded disease for disease
body for mind
pest to pest

rape

the dirge it rise in evenings gown, softly crooning
milling sounds
craving bloodless, scythe their minds
headless crooning, evenin' sounds

from far my country i was born
to be undying, i left my home
to reave the hearts of young skirt love
little playground wombs to stuff

my beautiful child
for whom I'd die
in every waking hour
i will beat your raping father
so your beauty knows no slavery
and all of slaves released

into the vast wide open
gazing at the stars
we chase those of the perimeter
the powerful, the luscious, the vigorously strong
all of them must pass us
all of them be gone

the dirge it rose from evenin' gown
the mindless setback, sad soft children' eye
milling flintglass, reaping loud
scythe the beauty, scythe mind

i will beat your raping father
beat him till the end of time

the shame the blame

a shine through blaze, a mystic gaze
the colours of November days
the waiting rain, the shame the blame
and the wind that shades your window name

the freezing dirge, the mellow blaze
the sharp coloured winter light
that covers you uptill night
to fringe full craze, fill my words with clichés
but still amazed by my mistakes and where my
weight sways

all across the sill, i now fill
the drapings they are still
while the wind it shows it's will
and me hanging through my window

i finalize i blow hard i random through this winter
chill

it's not evening, it is day
and wherever we go the light strays
and the mind goggles and the mind pays
and none keeps laughing
none that covers the grace
immunity and disfunction

the music softly plays

wherever god goes, wherever your mind strays
the shame, the blame
hanging through your broken window pane

beatnik shit

the abyss of concerning hollow soldier steps
beats in pounds feels the depth
craves the hurt and reaves the bet
wins the fight, aims the let
goes off shore, sees the strand
beats the land and hears my hand
goes online, prints sunshine
sings onto moonlight, his endless duet

the nuns, the priests, the religious beliefs
the cons, the clowns and their legal receipts
the confusion

as once the vision we had, the method we do not
Kerouac said i had to jump for more
and Dylan he claimed that i was just a car

floating of on the trembling horizon
of early morning big city roads
where the air goes from blue to gray
when you cast your eye onto the shame
and the decent people that follow
rest assured, they're just as fake

the beat is dead, the beat is dead
the drums have passed, the priest has said
the beat is dead

govern yourself onto a new world, eat led

the priest is dead, the priest is dead
his heart still beating on the death bed

the bad for the worse

in deep down dark alley
crossed against the wind
where the walls cry it should get even
where all of beauty sins

where the neon wilderness eyes you
and the children play your corps
and the mothers nourish wolves
and the wolves they eat your heart

where the day goes from a southern sight
and the howling madness you alert
and the frenzy that mellows out
like a shore that's carving deep
deep into the ocean and deep onto the sea

where the owls dance and the fire drains creep
and the night falls hard and the sky seeps
and the plays are loud and the music soft

where the wind is silent and the streets are part
where the trees weep where the windows shed
where the mind hears where the body's fed
where the stones fly and the rocks roll
and the people forgot to pay the toll

and they left you and they left god
and they left you boiling in the courtyard
while they were sodomizing pigs
and everyone was laughing, everyone was sick

in this land of despise
moronize and agonize
leave me be in this shelter
leave me be in my deceit
leave me to my own insanity

it's just picking the bad for the worse

dust

come now sweet lover, let the wind warm south it
takes it's place
let the seldom virile, virginal seed, let's take it's place
with heat

let's inflame this winterland, from sky to sky
from eye to dust and back
and so whenever we gather impatiently, let our body's
rest

beneath the brown leaves of yesteryear, and dead
clover we can't steal
to be endlessly redeeming itself, the yeast feasts free
we now survived in morning dew, in the waking
hours of night
let us now test our strength, in this new winter fight

and beyonder proud the frightful glaze, that covers
waters everywhere
that proudly stands, strong, unfeared
let us fight it, let us win

and in you warm wind morning gaze, i shall taste
your freedom fluid;

your body casts an air of dew, your morning now it
flows.

your love and passion and bloodfilled scent
it arouses my compassion, and my body and my lust;

for you we will fight, in the morning, through the dust

good rust

come on baby drag it away
cheering loudly hello today
saying goodbye in this sinful way
i have not gathered, I've left astray
to the younger ones, the retard scum
that crept upon this shivering hum
and sung into a new begin
and endless movement full of sin

it's a shame, a drag, a loreleaf
a numbness pound
a fringing ghost from within the past
a hateful memory
a selfappointed brat
a wisdom square
a grieve of pair
a hood full of lies and mothering styles
and beundering comments, leaving no doubt
that this was once more useless, filthy
no longer trust, not worthy
of another day
leaving it be, leaving it rust

rest goodnight, goodbye, good rust

parts of nowhere

we're all in bits and pieces now
our spirits broken into a thousand parts
spread upon an endless sky
ready to burst the day we dawn

air and thought, slindering slowly
long a dreadful path of decision and awareness
the soulful cheat degrees my words
softly spoken yet unheard

oh my dearest of loves, do not depart
the comfort is soft and the truth it is hard
but i knew you from the start
and your choice it comes and goes, like bullets in the
night

over dread and sorrow, rain and storm
holds me lightly carve my bones
the name that holds a million homes
the warmth's inside, the storm out loud

and though it's all been shattered, some gather sickly
dogmatised by order they shape in silence
hiding from brokenness, maiming in sight
the sky it is breaking the night's approaching loud

awake

honeysuckle breath fills windowpanes on the end of today
and the wurst explanation for truth was a name
and centerfold people describing the rain
and how the wind blew that bleak April day

their randomly placed figures, consulting beauty
confused and sickly anonymous, grasping for power and
pleasure
cast out of heaven they stay
and what is now will be forever

do not fear, do not avoid, stay calm and on your way
their lies are just shadows, their words just wind
their hate will be forgotten, their names will rest unheard
namelessly hurting, burning, filled with sin and emptiness
they won't rest, they won't die

forget, let the wind blow the hurt away from your door
like Pisces follow the current of god's golden rain
yellow people filling the yellow drenched earth
scorned by passion, living alive
we who are still awake

and like the dearest of lovers on the day of days
when evening falls hard we will not be afraid
and we'll sing our song onto angels
who had heard us million years ago
and they will recognize our cry, our prayer
and it will be one of the last beauties to face up to
and show unhidden what god was, and his presence
revealed
and it will contain so much life that it will bury all that's
filthy
and disgrace all who is unjust and empty
and their lifelessness will be sin
and the sky will rain fire
and who is will be forever
on the evening of light
at the new begin?

pisces

oh how dear the sound you live upon
the rambling heat keeps beating strong
swings and strains you along
a dance a waltz of death and song

down the road and up the stairs
the loud ones scream the silent stare
the deaf will hear the mute will speak
down the highway where nighttime creeps

oh hear me speak to me
tell me enlightenment, in the darkest of days you
were expected
in the clearest of nights you'd come

war and glory
overcome

and in dazed purple morning light when the sun sets
against all willness
when you sense it's desire to break
like old lightbulbs dying to fall
fall and be dying

when summers round shadows and warming ray
have been replaced by edge decay
cold reflections down the track
where wind's a howling 'this is the past'

and you wonder down where childhood strays
where scents remember feelings, remember names
remember those summer marihuana days
hatred love and innocence

now

it's awaking to a setting sun
being born in the final days
and holding life in one hand
and death in the other

faking mischief and excitement
as everyone else, hypocrites

and the light straining round your legs
your body, your mind
binding you to it's fate
staring unto eternity, we wait

pfff

as was my grievance an awakening
as is the cry of sorrow given back
taken by the radiant confusion of a strayed out
winternight
where one realizes boredom and solitude
and above all others the desire for acceptance
the search for what's kindred and full of heart

and sailing through the mist of dreams and wake
springs of youth that circulate as wild animals
and like waterfalls of dread
comes and jumps to eye the fragrant memories of
youth
where all was truthful and spontane;
and memorable

because now in this small room
there is no today or tomorrow
there is just me, and you, waiting

do you exist?
I'm asking with utmost precision
do you?

i wait;
and await the day
when there's no yesterday and all together.
well at least one

and this too is growing old
having to ask someone

Part IV - later writings

i could in a way
easily overcome
but it would cost me my sincerity
and besides it would not be very true

i could in a way
shed another light upon an old question
but as it would do no good and only blow up some more dust
i'd rest assured in my sympathetic apathy

i could ask you to humbly understand
but in a way it couldn't do you good
and you'd make my problems seem so easy
and you'd make me believe and hope that all would turn out
fine

until you leave again

wind blows silently, fire burns cold, nights turn bright
selfassuring don't work anymore
bland, yet with the distinct memory of taste and fire
knowing what's beyond this blindness
beyond this lie

what upsets me is the being upset
the constant whining fear that spins this wheel in such a way
that one would need a miracle to stop the endless circular
suffering
this easy metaphor, this crumbly mysticism

stand up face to face, leave the obscurity
leave the safety net, get real
sadly, t'might console you
strongly mean your death

humbly onto another, drive your madness unto another's
chest
softly sigh into their ears, the secrets of awareness
that lost ol' road, never to be walked for anything less than
anything
just for the sake, and knowing what one can not share

as if anything ever could

four strong winds, 5 silent breaths
discriminating ears taught the silence
voice put to whispers
silently learn the words again, which one can never speak up

my god is a silent one
he requires from me the same,
so i might understand him

i once saw your home, and i can't say it would not satisfy
need
than you brought me or showed me, the bridge i was on
i still remember the day, or night,
while i was climbing the rail unto another stage
i fell and then woke up

my lord, my lord,
as i silently whisper your name, repeat it in line
would you know of me, would it give you pleasure
would you ever try to send a son again
if only for the ones like me who keep whispering your name

please god exist, not for me but for all those silent thoughts
otherwise silently brought and silently forgotten,
sent but not received

i rest in silence, await your word

I could name a lot of uses to love, but what would names
mean
in a way i don't trust the idea that love would mean the same
for anyone
i guess it's a common denominator, but that kinda takes the
kick out of it doesn't it
i'd rather believe we're the first ones, and all the examples are
but to deceive us
lies all of them, only ourselves we know.

i hurt, that i know of
i feel, that i know of
i hope not to hurt but still feel, that i know of
how this could be, i know not

she wept for a mistake
i told her how unimportant it was
but it would not matter
if all we done was a mistake
none of it was important

to hold you in the light we remember
is the light shed by god
through our eyes, withing
it reached our hearts
and now all darkness seems endless, each night an eternal
longing

the mist has got to me, i forgot my way
could you shine once more, for me to know where i might
find you

help is a word so obvious, it is hardly ever uttered
by those hesitating- to cry out, they wait
sadly thinking, it's not worth the bother
until it's too late

i just recieved, as i gave, a smile
it was of the utmost importance, -to all i am right now
for there was no tomorrow, and no progress
but now, it might have well not been
because that was yesterday

as i learned a lot about you,
i forgot who you are, or who you were
and that was very important to me
because it is how i loved you
and it now seems very hard to get back, - in a way -

i always preferred odd numbers,
they seemed so odd
.

preferably i'd tell the truth
even if it didn't matter, i'd want to do good
so when there's no tomorrow - i'd rather think it's now that
counts

never grow old!

...

and all the things that might mean

by seeing the magic, one creates the magic
and those that see the beauty, those are the beautiful
and the ones that hear the truth, become truthfull -eventually
and those that feel love, they're loved... if only by me, still
it makes sense

feverish, unsettled
touched by some infant magic
smells softly, mystical
humble, yet touching

this light you shed
in soft wordless novelty

like a reborn world
out of sorrow

comes anew, this rest
this love

this time

to gently ask
silently whisper
can i once more be

be what I've sought for
i recall to have been

the way i should

live and breathe
and sway and break

and lay among my brothers and sisters
the plants and the trees

and all other silent things

this love i cannot grasp
and i know it is yours

and i can distinctly feel your presence
when it's there i know

have i turned to religion

but I've always felt this way
when you're there's

so why would i need to name you

if I've known you so long
and never felt the need to

your sorrow is real
but it makes me real too
so why would i venture for happiness
without absorbing this weariness first

as is the essence of all that's awake

within a grasp
when one relies
and feels, belief precedes knowing

and now i know

thank god for emily
whose days were quite quiet
but echoed even, within me

she'd softly pray for me
every time she'd touch my head
and i knew her softness
as kind as each waking day
cause tomorrow i'd still lay

in those arms that would save me
if i only let them

with each touch of delight
as beautiful as all things can be
when one perceives them as always
in pure honesty
when all has turned to poetry

and days breathe solemnly
and the nights forlorn
and the mornings torn
and the evening heals

when all returns
tired and true